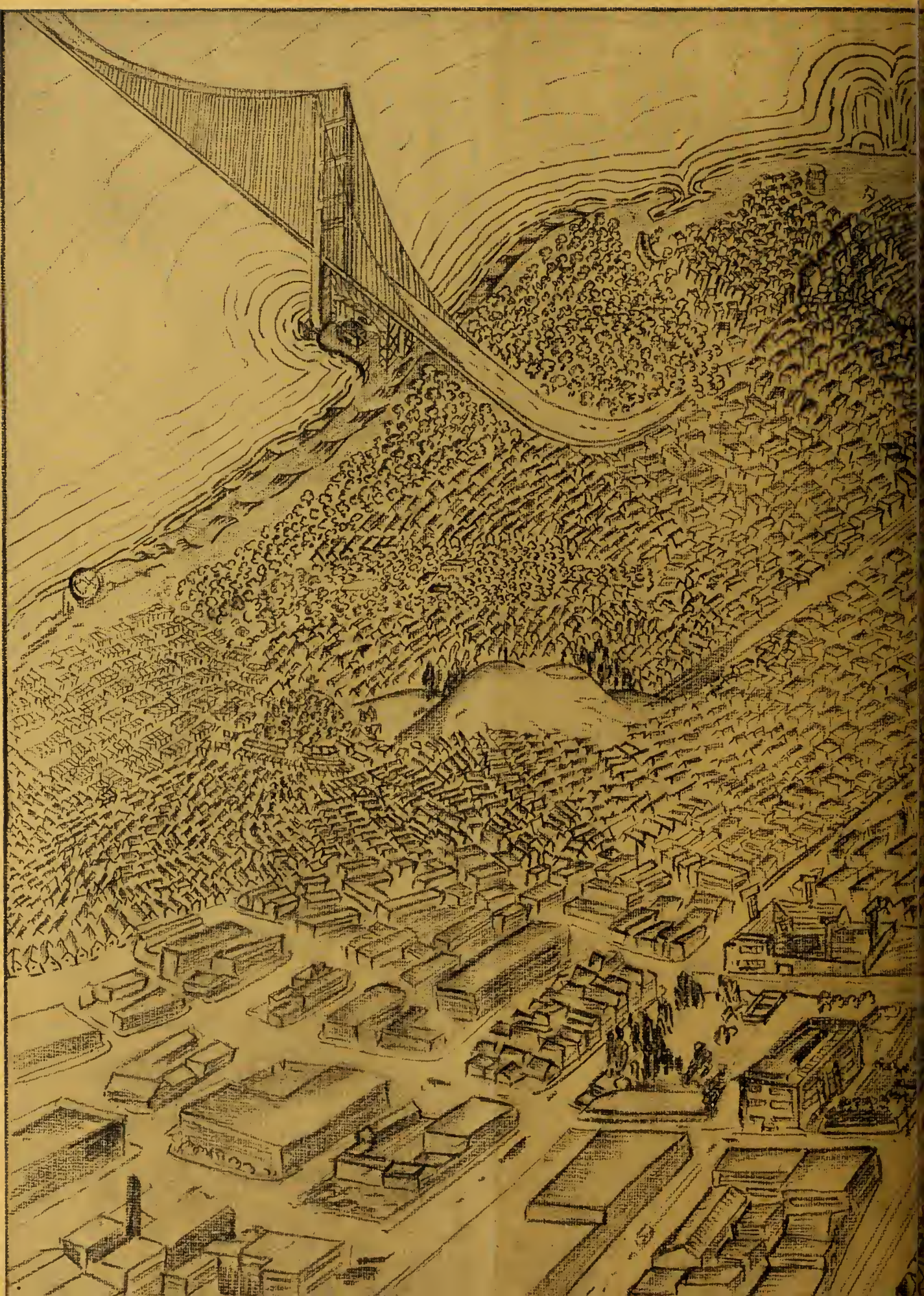
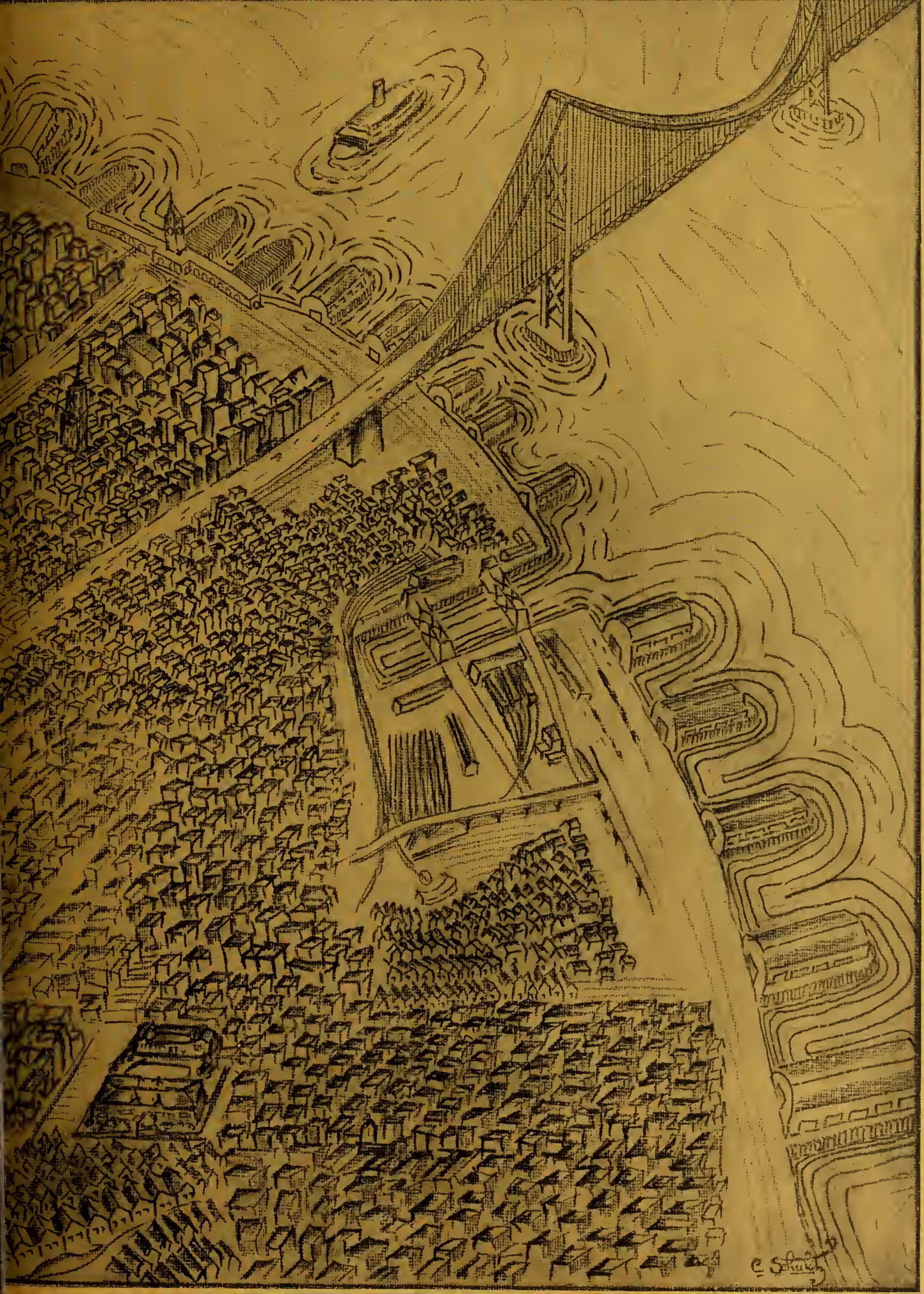


LICK

LUX

WILMERDING





L·W·L LIFE

A
PUBLICATION
PRODUCED BY THE
STUDENTS OF

LICK
WILMERDING
LUX



SAN FRANCISCO
JUNE 1937

VOLUME XXIII

NUMBER ONE

This edition of "Life" is presented with the hope that it will become not just a memoir of another school year, but a symbol of the tie that so closely binds these schools to industry. It is offered, too, as a timely tribute to Mr. Merrill, who has played so great a part in creating an education that is a bridge to the active world of today.







THE MERRILL TRIBUTE

THE SEVEN DECADES that are George A. Merrill's life tell a story of remarkable achievements in the educational world. It was fitting that he be honored upon reaching his seventy years mark. Friends and alumni of the Lick Wilmerding and Lux schools gathered at Merrill Hall on September 19, 1936—not merely to attend a birthday party of a man seventy years old, but to pay tribute to an educator, young in spirit, at this milestone in his career.

George A. Merrill was born in a little story-and-a-half house at Brimstone Point in Portland, Maine. His father, Henry Merrill, went to California on the first through trip of the Central Pacific Railroad in 1896. Mrs. Merrill and the children joined him in California four years later.

After his first seven years, George Merrill's life has been identified with California. He received his grammar school training in the Shotwell Street School on Twenty-second Street. In 1884 he was graduated from Lowell High School, and four years later he received his B.S. degree at the University of California. In the same year he became a teacher of science at Cogswell Polytechnical College. He was made vice-principal of that institution in 1891, and he was principal in 1892 and 1893. After taking post-graduate study at the University of California in 1893 and 1894, he was asked to plan the course of study and buildings for the California School of Mechanical Arts. Thus he entered upon his present connection with the school and subsequently with its allied institutions.

The founders' bequests were for the promotion of "intelligent mechanical skill" in "schools for manual training, industrial training, and for teaching trades by and through which habits of industry will be acquired and practical knowledge of those things which are useful in earning a living." The terms were broad and generous, and Mr. Merrill, as an educator, could see an opening to a new field of education. Somehow this was a challenge to his pioneering blood.

He made careful surveys of the entire field of industrial education and selected the features which could best be adapted to his scheme of instruction. Mr. Merrill's objectives were to give the student a knowledge of the techniques of a particular industry; to see that his acquaintance with tools and materials, with science and art, be broad enough for development in his special field, and for adjustment in new and varying conditions; to develop in him a degree of intelligence that would fit him for the duties of active citizenship.

Sensing the greatest needs of the industrial world, Mr. Merrill answered the demands for youths with a general education, both manual and academic, and with the ability to rise to administrative positions in industry. The California School of Mechanical Arts was founded in 1895.

Ever in the vanguard of the forces of education, Mr. Merrill worked on—blazing new trails. By 1900, when the Wilmerding bequest was affiliated with the Lick, the schools had an established reputation. From the first class to the present, graduates have gone out to take important places in industry.

Although the initial enrollment of Lick students had included girls, Mr. Merrill felt a growing need for a more specific education for young women. Girls no longer married at the early age that they had formerly, and the world was demanding training schools where young women could be prepared to take useful positions in the world's business and through such positions achieve

economic independence. Mr. Merrill was not satisfied, however, with a school for young women which should prepare them merely for the business world. He felt that the ultimate business of most young women was home-making, and that the best school for girls must contain courses which would train them to be wives and mothers. In 1913, with the help of the far-sighted and generous Miranda Lux, Mr. Merrill opened the Lux School for Girls.

The Junior College, which enrolled its first class in August, 1930, was an upward extension of the high school and provided a terminal course to meet the needs of young men and women who might wish to continue their schooling beyond the high school in order to be prepared to go out into their life work more assured of success.

In the years which have ensued, the schools have flourished and now hold an enviable position among places of learning, a position achieved in no small measure through the leadership of Mr. Merrill. As each of his dreams materializes, new plans are born to be developed into realities. Through all the changes in the industrial world the schools have kept pace; moreover, although they have been quick to adapt themselves to the new, they have never sacrificed thoroughness and the firm foundation. Their leader, keenly alive to progress and innovation, nevertheless has held fast to the best in the old.

Graduates of the schools have taken prominent places, not only in industry and in engineering, but also in law, medicine, education, and the arts. They are a loyal group, and year after year they gather from all over the United States for the annual reunions.

On September 19, 1936, the gathering was of especial importance. Many of the older graduates had watched the development of education over a period of twenty or thirty years, and all felt the particular importance of George A. Merrill's contribution to education. They saw in Mr. Merrill a thinker who had not only developed a sound philosophy of education, but had also put his philosophy to the test and found it good. They felt that they and the country at large should have a record of the work and the findings of such an educator. Therefore, under the leadership of Bruno Heymann, Dean of the Lick School and firm friend and admirer of Mr. Merrill, the graduates planned the tribute given on last September nineteenth. Together with many important educators, they met in Merrill Hall and presented Mr. Merrill with four folios. Folio number II contained messages from several hundred graduates. Folio III was a collection of the writings of Mr. Merrill. Folio IV contained professional papers and other writings of graduates and teachers. Folio I was a formal request that Mr. Merrill write a book on the history of vocational education in the United States, and a guarantee that the alumni of the Lick Wilmerding and Lux Schools wished to sponsor and finance such a book.

Although he is very busy with his duties as director of the three schools, Mr. Merrill has complied with the graduates' request and will write the book, which he has chosen to call "Educating Youths In and Through the Practical Arts of Life". The first chapter, "Manual Training as a Method of Teaching and a Means of Educating", printed and distributed in pamphlet form, is causing much interest and favorable comment among educators.

We who are still undergraduates of the schools feel an immense pride in our director and an almost proprietary interest in the book, since it is to be written in our time and "for all time".

FOUNDERS' DAY

FOUNDERS' DAY, a tradition of the Lick, Wilmerding and Lux Schools, called back many old faces familiar to the halls in former days. Five members of the Alumni Association recounted tales of their student days to a well-filled assembly hall.

An interesting resume of the history of the schools was given by George A. Merrill, director of the three schools since their inception. The listening students were gratified to realize that the schools have contributed their quota of distinguished leaders in civic affairs.

Jackson Nichols of the 1928 class, who is just beginning his career as a lawyer, presided over the program.

The first speaker introduced by Mr. Nichols was Captain John Hubbard, class of 1898, the brother of Father Hubbard, the explorer. He won the hearts of his audience when he addressed them as "my dears." Captain Hubbard holds the distinction of being the school's first football captain, and of being defeated only once during his four years. He spoke to the students upon this nation's defense lines. He also said that character is very important in a successful life and urged the students to be true to themselves and their country.

Following Mr. Hubbard was Ansel F. Hall of the class of 1913. Mr. Hall, whose pride in his accomplishments as a forest ranger is excelled only by his pride in his triplets, used for his theme "James Lick the Explorer", and gave a few highlights in the life of the founder of the schools.

Mrs. Irving F. Granicher (Hilda von der Mehden) spoke on the fundamentals of the school training that she received at Lick, and she urged the pupils to take advantage of the education being offered to them.

Charles Mel of the "earthquake class" of 1906 pointed out the fact that all of the education received in school by the students can be used in later life, citing as an example that his knowledge of chemistry had enabled him to test goods concerned in a lawsuit. He offered assistance to any student that chose his business, fruit canning.

After the assembly, the alumni joined Mr. Merrill at luncheon. During the afternoon many of them toured the buildings and visited with their former teachers.

RECENT GRADUATES IN INDUSTRY

A SURVEY OF THE LAST two classes' graduates, 36J and 36X, shows a good representation of these youngest alumni already established in the various lines of industrial work for which they were trained at Lick and Wilmerding.

H. Kelly is already Assistant Chief draughtsman at the Columbia Steel Co., where J. Bullard is also employed. With the Pacific Coast Steel Co. are R. Bradford and J. Iso. In electrical work are J. Sieler, with the General Electric Company; W. Davis, with the Judson Pacific Electric Company; S. Vax, with Herbert Moore Company; and V. Ebersole, A. Forsman, G. Ferrier, all working with electrical concerns. The Schlage Company of South San Francisco employs three members of the last two classes: W. Gilroy, R. Evans, and A. Church. Joining the already large group of Lick graduates at the Shell Development Company are the new chemists, H. Nelson, H. Beal, and J. Chickinoff. A. Pappas is working with the American Forge Company, and A. Price is a welder at St. Helena.



Samuel Abrams, now factory manager of all the branches of the Plant Rubber and Asbestos Works, is a comparatively recent graduate of Lick. In 1922, he received his high school diploma and a scholarship to the University of California. He was graduated from the University with highest honors in Chemistry in 1926.

After leaving college, he spent seven months in looking for a job. Finally, with the help of Mr. Merrill, he secured a position as a chemist in the Redwood City branch of the Plant Rubber and Asbestos Works. Two years later he became the production manager. Sometime later he developed a new process, the success of which was responsible for his promotion to the position of superintendent of the Redwood City branch of the firm. He is now serving in the capacity of factory manager of all branches of the Plant Rubber and Asbestos Works.

Sam Abrams' hobby is chess. Because he worked his way in high school, he was unable to participate to any extent in athletics. He therefore turned to chess for diversion and spent his spare time in playing tournaments and teaching the other fellows to play. By the time he entered the University of California he was so expert at the game that he won many a tournament for California from her traditional rival, Stanford.



Thyra Jansen is a person interested in the development and welfare of the very young. At the Lux School she took a recreational course so that she could work and play with children. She was particularly active in all sports and was also very prominent in the social activities at Lux.

After her graduation from the Lux Junior College in June 1934, she worked for a time in the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, where during the summer she aided in handling a group of youngsters in a summer camp.

After working in the San Francisco nursery for some time, she decided to take a position in a doctor's office. She found her experiences here of great value to her chosen field, child care.

In the fall of 1936, Thyra Jansen and a friend started the Charm Nursery, which is already very popular with ill or working mothers who wish their sons and daughters to have the benefit of youthful companions and a guiding leader.

Thelma Buhr, '19, is now a successful furrier with a business of her own.

Her first position after her graduation was at the shop of Fred Benioff, Furrier, where she served as an apprentice. In this shop she became acquainted with the different types of furs and received a general knowledge of the fur business. Her training at Lux was an excellent foundation for her work. As an apprentice, she applied her course in sewing in the work of lining fur coats, finishing, and sewing on furs.

After working in the finishing department for about a year and a half, Miss Buhr was transferred to the pattern department. Here she applied her training in designing and pattern making. She learned how to grade, fit, and draft patterns. She worked for about two years on the pattern bench, where she obtained knowledge of the cutting and matching of furs.

During the dull seasons she worked in smaller shops, where her work was a combination of finishing, pattern making, operating the fur machines, and cutting and matching furs.

With this general knowledge of the fur trade, she started in business for herself. The first year was difficult as it takes time to work up a retail trade. At first most of her work was lining coats, pattern making, and repairing furs for the wholesale furriers. Soon, however, she was able to devote her entire time to retail trade. She now employs several helpers.

Miss Buhr stated that she owes her success to the training she received at Lux.



James Byers Black is a prominent figure in industry on the West Coast. He is president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., member of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, director of the board of management of the Golden Gate International Exposition.

Mr. Black—a graduate of the 1908 Class at Lick, and of the 1912 Class at U. C.—started his meteoric career with Great Western Power in 1912. By 1918 he had become general sales manager and by 1922 vice president and general manager. In 1927 he was called to New York to be a vice president of the North American Co., which had acquired control of the Great Western Power in 1925. In 1935 he was asked to return to California and become president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

In spite of the many duties of his important position, James Black always finds time to take an active part in the activities of the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Alumni Association.





Mr. Joseph P. Hahir's interests, while he was a student at Lick, centered in the shops, but he found it difficult to choose between the electric shop and the machine shop. Finally, however, the brilliant future of mechanical work painted for him by his machine shop teacher, "Joe" Sunkel, won him to mechanics, and in 1919 he was graduated as a machine shop apprentice.

After his graduation, the electrical work had its belated inning. Mr. Hahir's first job was in the service department of the Westinghouse Electric Company. Here he remained for four months, after which time he entered Santa Clara University to study electrical engineering. But he was not to be lost to the machine shop, for his previous training in that field placed him so far ahead of the other students that he was asked to assist in the instruction in the school shop.

When the failure of his father's business forced him to leave college in 1921, he spent several years in electrical work, rising from contractor's helper to journeyman within one year.

A chance meeting with the first president of the Schlage Lock Company led to the offer of a job in the lock business as a maintenance and machinery installation man. Mr. Hahir accepted and, working in each department of the company, has held successively the positions of foreman, chief inspector, and finally general superintendent.



Hans Beresford Beetz deals in a most luxurious commodity, furs, and has achieved a notable success.

He is head of the firm of Beetz Bros., Furriers, and is president of the San Francisco Fur Association. He was administrator for the Fur Trades in San Francisco under the N. R. A., and while he held that position he found himself almost too busy for his favorite occupation—the designing of fur garments.

Mr. Beetz is very enthusiastic about furs, from the pelt to the finished garment. He is proud of the known quality of his work, and also of the fact that his customers come from every corner of the earth.

Although he had to leave Lick before his graduation, Mr. Beetz attributes his success to the practical training he received in the technical drawing and pattern making courses at Lick. For five years he worked in wholesale millinery, but later he set himself up in business as a furrier.

Mr. Beetz is a firm supporter of the kind of education obtainable at Lick and Wilmerding, and loves to tell stories of his experiences as a member of the class of '12.

FACULTIES

GEORGE A. MERRILL, B.S., *Director*

★

LICK and WILMERDING

BRUNO HEYMANN, M.E.	<i>Mechanical Drawing, Aeronautical Subjects</i>
EUGENE RYAN BOOKER, A.B.	<i>Geometry, Trigonometry</i>
RALPH H. BRITTON, A.B.	<i>Physics, Algebra</i>
GEORGE G. COMBS	<i>Electrical Work</i>
LESTER S. HOLMES	<i>Woodwork</i>
OTIS L. MCINTYRE, B.S.	<i>Applied Science, Mechanical Drawing</i>
GRACE MENG, A.B.	<i>English, Latin</i>
SIMEON L. OWEN	<i>Machine Shop</i>
VIOLET A. PALMER, B.A.	<i>English</i>
JOSEPH A. PIVERNETZ, A.B., M.A.	<i>History, Civics, Economics</i>
SIDNEY A. TIBBETTS, B.S.	<i>Chemistry, Mineralogy</i>
WALDO H. STONE	<i>Plumbing, Sheet Metal</i>
DOROTHY IMBECK	<i>Stenographer</i>
ANNE WILDER	<i>Office Assistant</i>
AIDA B. PATTERSON	<i>Recorder</i>

LUX

GLADYS I. TREVITHICK, B.A., M.A.	<i>Dean</i>
JOHN E. GURLEY, D.D.S.	<i>Professional Practice</i>
GENEVIEVE YOUNG, B.A., M.A.	<i>Recreation, Social Service</i>
MARY ELEANOR HUGHES, B.A.A.	<i>Freehand Drawing, Crafts</i>
DOROTHY JENKINSON,	<i>Interior Decoration, Costume Design</i>
FREDERICK VAN DYKE, D.D.S.	<i>Dental Anatomy</i>
ROBERT W. RULE, JR., D.D.S.	<i>Dental Technics</i>
EVELYN M. SINCLAIR, B.A.	<i>English</i>
ADELAIDE SYLVA, A.B.	<i>Physics, General Science, Botany</i>
ALICE E. THANE	<i>Vocational Coordination</i>
KATHLEEN McNALLY, B.E.	<i>Health Sciences</i>
ALICE S. BLANDY, A.B.	<i>Chemistry, Bacteriology</i>
MARTHA WICKERSHAM	<i>Recorder</i>









LIFE STAFF

DEPARTING FROM ITS USUAL COURSE of procedure, the Literary Section of the Life Staff has created an editorial board to replace the Editor and Assistant Editor. This board—composed of four members, June Stuart, Frances Kawalkowski, Forbes Burness, and Joseph Fernandes—divides the responsibility for the editing and allows for a greater play of ideas during the production of the book.

The principal object of the Literary Staff was to feature articles pertaining to the industrial theme of the book. This particular theme was selected because of the close relationship between industry and the three schools. It seemed a fitting time for such a theme because of the Merrill Tribute, which was accorded Mr. Merrill by the alumni last September.

The Art Staff has also stressed industry in its work, mainly through photographs. Marjorie McBride, Bernice Cuneo, and George Hillman have done important work in taking the pictures for the inserts and in arranging pages of student snapshots.

This semester the Art Staff has worked as a committee, headed by Chairman Wayne Stahmer, and has achieved some novel and praiseworthy effects in this brown and gold issue. It also has brought out the importance of the Merrill Tribute to the issue by using as the cover design the insignia used on the four folios presented to Mr. Merrill.

Assisting the Editorial Board were the following: Della Ditman, Evelyn Newman, Barbara Beardsley, Philippa M. Brown, Barbara Cronburg, Merrie Christmas, Rob Roy Cyr, Denton Delavan, Marlin Delavan, Nancy Judson, William Levy, Marshall McDonald, Bettijean Miller, Dorothy Perkins, Grace Ridgway, David Roche, Betty Talmadge, Yvonne Trauger.

On the Art Staff were Mary Bernaseoni, Martha Davis, Coralie Fritsch, Walda Schiller, Charles A. Schultz, Wayne Stahmer, Grace Ridgway, Mary Jane Beekes, Florence Egan, Marguerite Grossen, Harold Regan, Bernice Cuneo.

A NEWER SPRING SONG

(GRACE RIDGWAY, 37X.)

THE fresh yellow April sun
Spills itself upon us
Almost blinding us
As we work by the laboratory window.
And it glistens in the test tubes—
Wild silver streaks
In crystal glasses.
And we feel a thrill
In working
That we never knew in March.
Our blood tingles
With new born exaltation;
We look out upon the city
And we feel its spring reaction.
The wheels turning to a rhythm of Industry and Progress
Are continually humming a song of their own.

The picture of work,
In winter drab and tiring,
Is transformed by April.
The sun lights the darkest corners
And there is a sheer romance
In doing
That was never felt before.
Great white belches of smoke jerk upward
From heaving hot furnaces beneath,
Black barges and tradeships shuttle
Across the dancing sunlit waters,
Exporting and importing along the
Embarcadero
Sugar sacks to factories,
Lumber for the yards of pine and redwood.
Bright steel railways swerve
Off into the distance;
Great red freight cars loom up from the haze-light
And traffic is halted by red pendulums swinging.
Men rivet red steel framework
And it rings as it is welded
Into strong tall buildings that
Severely cut the skyline
In blue irregular angles.

Industry is singing a newer song,
A spring song.
We leave the window and go on working
With a greater goal in view.



KATHLEEN DEEMS
ELINOR COOK
ROSAMOND BALLENTINE
EDITH PAGE
LORRAINE O'BRIEN

HARRIET THAYER
MARY SPRING
MARGARET SULLIVAN
MILLCENT MATTHEWS
REGINA HARPER
ANN PERRY

IRENE HANSON
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THOMAS GEARY
NEAL BOOKER
DOROTHY MCGUIRE

MADELIENE TERRY
MAY PATERSON
ARVIS WRIGHT
VIOLA SWANSON
THELMA POLOS
MARGARET CHARTERS

EVELYN CHEDA
MARGARET GOSSIN
JANE WILBOR
JOY LEE
JUANITA STONE
LILY WAY

HENRY BEAL
RAYMOND MOOTZ
MICHAEL ARROYO
LLOYD LOGAN
MERRILL NEUMANN
KATHLEEN BYRNES



ROLLY SLAVAZZA
ROBERT GULMON
ROMLEY AMES
DELMAR BROWN
VERNON EBERSOLE
MARTIN QUIST

PHYLLIS HILLEBRAND
EVALYN FINKENKELLER
JUANITA PALMER
DOROTHY RAETA
HELEN HIDZICK
EVELYN DUJARDIN

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FLORA SIMONTON
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ROBERT ANDERSON
ARNOLD FORSMAN
CARL MEYN
SYDNEY VAX
ROBLEY EVANS

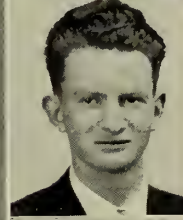
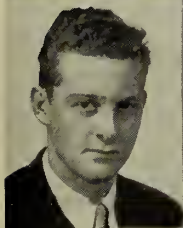


ROBERT THOMPSON
THOMAS BALESTRERI
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JOHN BARICH
LAWRENCE BOCCI

CAROLINE HILDRETH
RUTH GRAVES
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PATSY LEFEVRE
AMY GHAZZI
JULIA ALLEGRI
CORALIE FRITSCH

ALBERT BOHLE
VINCENT LOGUIDICE
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DAVID ROCHE
RICHARD ESCHER
ANGUS MCAULAY



PETER POLOS
ALFRED PEDRINI
HERBERT WILBERT
WAYNE STAHMER
JACK ROBERTS
WALDA SCHILLER

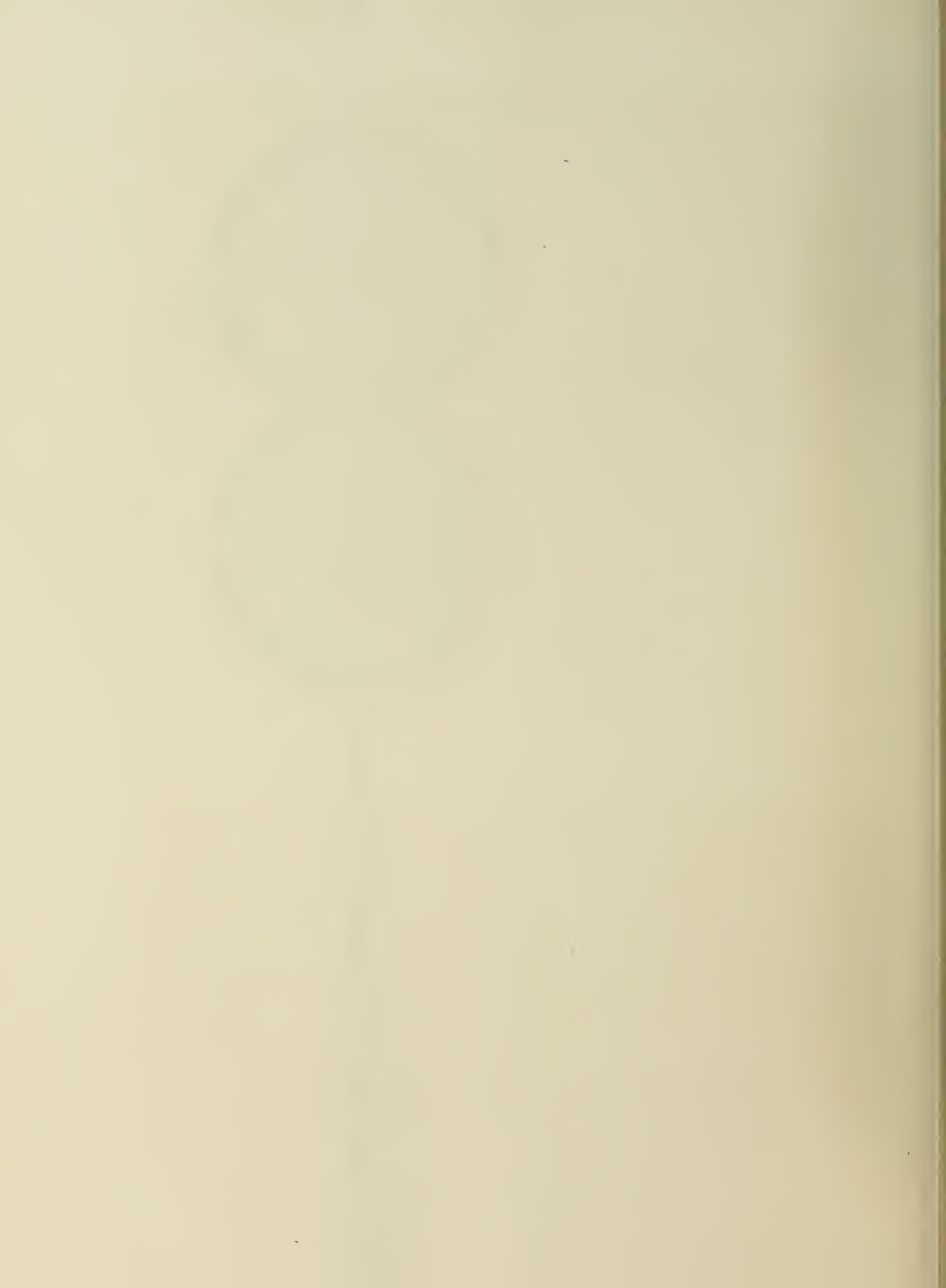
ELIZABETH SOLDATI
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YVONNE McDONALD

ERMA LUCAS
BLANCHE NEWFIELD
VIRGINIA KLUTE
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DOROTHY RAINWATER
ALICE TIGNARD

GUIDO LORENZI
THOMAS ORR
TODD WILLIAMS
FRANK PLUTT
JOHN PEROTTI
YVONNE TRAUGER









L.W.L STUDENT BODY OFFICERS '36

THE PAST YEAR has been a creditable one. All social and educational functions have been well received. The fine cooperation of the student body, the unity of the officers, and the excellent help of Mr. Booker are factors responsible for this successful year.

The Lick Board of Control has been very busy, its principal problem during the Fall term being the balancing of the budget. Another important assignment given the Board during the past semester was to decide the advisability of purchasing a printing press for the student body. After a large amount of research and consideration of a number of presses, the Board of Control recommended that the student body purchase a platen press, if a suitable person could be found to sponsor a printer's course during the ensuing term. Mr. Merrill is seriously considering the matter at the present time, and it is very probable that Lick will have a printing press next term.

L.W.L STUDENT BODY OFFICERS '37





BOARD OF CONTROL '36

LICK STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

FALL '36

Fernandes.....President
 Logan.....Vice-President
 Jensen.....Secretary-Treasurer
 McDonald.....Historian
 Trask and Miché.....Yell Leaders

SPRING '37

Fernandes.....President
 Polos.....Vice-President
 Logan.....Secretary-Treasurer
 Trask.....Yell Leader
 McDonald.....Historian

LUX STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

FALL '36

George Ann Borman.....President
 Frances Kawalkowski.....Vice-President
 Barbara Browning.....Secretary
 V. Klute.....Historian
 Kathleen Deems.....Yell Leader

SPRING '37

Virginia Klute.....President
 Barbara Symmes.....Vice-President
 George Ann Borman.....Secretary
 Nancy Judson.....Historian
 Elizabeth Baiocchi.....Yell Leader

BOARD OF CONTROL '37





37X GIRLS

LICK J C



LUX J C





38J BOYS

38J GIRLS



37X BOYS





39J GIRLS

38X BOYS



38X GIRLS





39X GIRLS

39X BOYS



39J BOYS





LUX GLEE CLUB

THE GIRLS OF THE LUX GLEE CLUB are still talking about the Hallowe'en party that was given jointly with the boys' Glee Club. Both girls and boys joined in the songs that were played by Mr. Britton and Miss Sinclair.

The girls' Glee Club lent an appropriate spirit to the Christmas graduation by singing some old favorite carols.

The songs of the Glee Club are to be heard throughout the school as the girls busily practice for graduation. They are also learning the intricate steps that fit the song they are to sing in the annual spring pageant to be held in May.

Officers for the year were: fall term—President, Barbara Beardsley; Secretary, Jane Bentzen; spring term—President, Thelma Thompson; Secretary, Jane Bentzen.

With Richard Escher as president in the fall term and Sordelli during the spring, the Lick Glee Club has enjoyed its weekly practices with Mr. Britton, their leader. The club made its first public appearance at the Christmas rally, when the shy songbirds were much applauded by the students.

LICK GLEE CLUB





LUX CAMERA CLUB

DURING THE PAST TWO SEMESTERS the Lick Wilmerding Camera Club has progressed more rapidly than in previous years. Aside from the regular course of learning developing, printing, and enlarging, the Camera Club has advanced into the study of lenses, the speed of films, the copying and coloring of pictures, and the study of trick photography. Under the leadership of Mr. Tibbetts, sponsor, and George Hillman, president of the club, these various subjects have been made intensely interesting.

The club has also acquired new equipment such as an exposure meter and an enlarger for the use of its members.

On Friday, April 30, the organization went on an excursion to the Bear Photo Company. Here the members were shown how commercial developing, printing, and enlarging are conducted on a large scale.

The Lux Camera Club was organized this term. Bettijean Miller was elected president, Eleanor Krugar, vice-president; and Evelyn Logemann, secretary-treasurer. Miss Sylva is the sponsor.

LICK CAMERA CLUB



SONG OF STEEL

Russ scowled as he looked up from his work. Locke was whistling again. Wasn't the howling and screaming of the mill enough without that? Couldn't the old fool be quiet while he worked? The tune was gay, vivacious, lilting, but each note hit against Russ's throbbing ears with the force of a sledge beating on steel. He cursed savagely under his breath. Cursed the mill, the heat, the dirt, and kindly, white-headed Locke Narwood, who whistled happily at the work which he professed to love.

Russ thought angrily how the workmen lingered around Locke during the lunch hour, listening to him talk. Oh, he could talk all right! He had a gift of making the most sordid, everyday things seem beautiful. Russ remembered how he, too, had listened eagerly when he first began to work. Listened while Locke spoke of the rhythm and courage of steel; of the terrifyingly beautiful sight when the giant dippers poured their contents into the cooling cylinders. Of how the mill got its hold on a man and how he, Russ, could never escape because his father and grandfather had worked there before him, and he was born with the love of steel in his blood.

Well—he'd show them how much he loved it if he ever got a chance to do something else. But the way times were now, you had to take what you could get and be thankful you weren't walking the streets with a pack on your back. He had managed to save a little, too, and maybe some day he and Jane could be married and have a home of their own. Not one of the shacks the mill offered either, but a real home with a garden and flowers. But for that he dared not even hope. Jane never said anything; she was too sweet and patient to complain, but he thought bitterly that she sometimes must wonder

what kind of a slow, shiftless fellow she was waiting for.

Russ was roused from his reverie by a voice at his elbow. It was the foreman, a big, burly man liked by most of the workers. He raised his voice to make himself heard above the snorting of the powerful blowing machine. "Going to speed it up," he said. "We're behind on the output."

Russ nodded that he understood. His throat was too raw and sore to attempt to shout an answer.

The steady drum-drum of the mill increased. The converter and its foundations shook with the violent boiling of metal. Russ jerked the lever more frequently to spill the bubbling, boiling mass into the casting molds. His eyes, fastened on the hot, searing flame, ached and burned. His temples throbbed as if they would burst, and his muscles felt tense and hard. The sweltering heat seemed to burn into his skin.

He was dimly aware that old Locke still whistled, and an almost uncontrollable anger welled up within him until he wanted to scream, "Shut up! Shut up!"

He knew that he was foolish to resent so bitterly Locke's unquenchable happiness, his luxuriant peace of mind, the fact that he held a higher position, but his frayed nerves gave him no other choice. And today it seemed more unbearable than ever. The dirt, the noise, the odor of boiling metal nauseated him.

Finally, unable to stand it any longer, Russ turned. Locke looked up, smiled and raised his hand in an airy salute.

Then, before Russ could go back to his work, there was a sharp crack, like the sound of a pistol shot and the roar of steel hissing against hot slag. Russ grabbed at the lever, but it flew back, hit him, knocked him sprawling. Greasy workmen came running. Two of them stopped and

helped him dizzily to his feet. He leaned weakly against a wall, and when the circle of men parted, he saw the inert form of Locke. Red blood oozed from a deep gaping cut in the side of his head and, running in a little rivulet across the floor, dipped into a sluice of orange steel.

The voice of the men and the noise of the mill came to Russ dimly.

"This is the way he wanted to go—while he was working," said one of the men, and several of those near him nodded, and answered something that Russ couldn't hear.

Then he saw a hand motion in his direction and the owner speak. He heard a few words as the foreman raised his voice in reply. "Accident, understand? Couldn't be helped—no one's fault."

Two days later, Russ boarded the train to go to his uncle in the country. He had two weeks lay off—time for a couple of ugly bruises to heal—time to get his nerve back. Jane said a tearful good-bye at the station. Russ told her he was going for good.

It was dark and raining when he arrived, and he could hear the wind roaring through the pines back of the house. The rain rushed against the ground and beat against the window panes. It made him feel safe and snug and far away from the rest of the world.

The clouds were breaking when he went to bed, and a sudden burst of moonlight flooded the earth.

He slept as he had not slept for a long time, and was awakened early, roused by the chatter of the birds outside his window. The sky had cleared during the night, and the horizon was streaked with gold and cerise heralding the approach of the sun. Somewhere in the distance the lonely whooo of a train sounded faintly. Then the round, red disc peeped over the far-away purple mountain, tipped the leaves of the trees and each blade of grass

with gold, and made them glisten as they fluttered in the soft warm breeze.

But hardly a week had gone by, before Russ realized with a start that he was continually comparing this quiet, peaceful life with the life at the mill. When the wind rushed through the pines, he thought, not of the swaying trees, but of the roar of the blowing machine and found himself listening for the hissing and steaming of the steel. A hot gust of wind at midday seemed like a blast from the furnace; the creak of a farm implement or a cry of some bird brought the mill back with increasing vividness.

When Russ packed his things four days before his time was up, his uncle said that he was just like his father. And Russ knew it was so, and he knew now that Locke had been right. He was bred on steel, and that vast complex of smokestacks, blast furnaces, coke ovens, and steel converters would hold him for the rest of his life. Jane would be waiting, too, and some day after slaving and putting aside a little each month, they would own one of the little shacks furnished by the mills.

DELLA DITTMANN, J.C. 38J.

★

MUSIC

Music comes from far away
Where all the little fairies play.

Music travels, O, so far;
It has even touched a star.

Music glides on down the streams
And in everyone's day dreams.

Music travels down great mountains
And through laughing rainbowed fountains,

Till at last, it finds our hearts;
There it stays and ne'er departs.

BARBARA LEONE BRITTON, Age 11.
Daughter of Ralph H. Britton.

CREATING AFRICA

STROLLING around a museum and looking at exhibits of natural science seemed very dull and tiring to me until lately. Ninety-nine per cent of the people who look at the exhibits wander through out of curiosity, look at the animals, and then go on to more exciting pastimes. Not many of the visitors see the intricate detail behind each glass, and fewer know of the processes in building up each exhibit.

One day my brother Dick volunteered his services in mounting the African Exhibit of the Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park. From then on he came home with his hands covered with plaster, and his talk filled with puzzling remarks, such as, "I have been making mud for the lily pond all day today." He soon aroused my curiosity so that when he suggested that I offer to work on the exhibit I eagerly agreed.

A few days later I entered a small workshop where Dick introduced me to the director, Mr. Tose, a short man with a Van Dyke beard and the conventional artist's smock.

Mr. Tose assigned me to one of his helpers, who put me to work making grass. First I was given a mixture of green wax and oil in an old coffee can and instructed to melt it over the burner. Then I dipped some lovely, fine-textured cloth in the mixture and laid it out to dry. When it was dry, I was shown how to cut the cloth into the blade-shaped leaves, crease it down the middle, and mould several pieces around a wire. I began to realize that, as each blade is made in this fashion, it takes a great deal of work and time to make enough grass for even one showcase.

After a spell of grass making, I was graduated to making leaves, an occupation at which I was never very successful. I was told how the mould is made. A wax mould is first constructed, and if this is satisfactory a plaster mould is made.

In making the leaf, I first spread a thin layer of cotton over one-half of the mould. After placing the wire for a stem down the middle, I poured hot wax over the whole and clapped on the other half of the mould. When the wax was cool, I removed the leaf, trimmed off the cotton around the edges, and made the edges paper-thin by pressing them with my fingers and smoothing them with instruments.

Now every leaf must have a branch, and no sooner had I become adept at making leaves than I wished to make the branches. Mr. Tose was very obliging, and, as I couldn't make leaves very well anyhow, he taught me to make branches. Several strong wires are bound around and around very tightly with strips of brown wax-dipped cloth. Then the pieces of overlapping cloth are pressed together and moulded until they look like one piece. Even branch-making is an art, as many knot holes have to be made and the branches have to vary in size and have many twigs.

By this time I felt quite at home in my new environment, and I began to enjoy my contacts with the earnest scientists engaged in the work. I especially enjoyed the lunches we ate among the skins, bones, wax, and plaster. Sometimes Mr. Tose and the amusing ichthyologist would engage in a scientific debate that was enjoyed by everyone present. Little by little, I began to piece together the story behind the exhibits.

In the beginning the work takes place in Africa. Men start out to bag groups of fine specimens for the exhibits. The party must consist of artists, biologists, curators, and general scientists.

The animal must have a fine skin that has not been marred by fights. The man shooting the animal aims for some inconspicuous spot, such as between the eyes.

because holes in the skin are hard to patch. Before the animal is skinned, many photographs and measurements are taken. If possible, the skin is taken off in one piece, as it must be sewed up with tiny stitches, and great gashes take a long time to sew. Each bone is then measured and tabulated so that the head of a gazelle will not be placed on the body of a dyk dyk.

Meanwhile the artist is "dashing off a few color sketches" of the surrounding territory. They are sketches, indeed, but ones I should like to have hanging on my wall.

When the animals arrive at the academy, the bones are checked to see if the long bones, skull, and pelvis are present. These are thoroughly cleaned and scraped, and then the skeleton is wired together in the position of the finished object.

I saw many small clay models and asked if they were made for practice. I was surprised to learn that they were designs of what the finished specimen was going to be, made to obtain the proper effect.

When the bones are wired in the desired position, clay is sculptured over them and the skin is "fitted". From this first cast a negative cast is made out of a "good mix", such as burlap and plaster. Finally, from the negative a positive cast is made, also of burlap and plaster, but of a wire foundation. Then the positive cast is shellacked, and the skin is carefully sewed on.

I asked if the bones were used at all, and was astonished to find out that they were not need in the final casting. I always thought that animals were stuffed like rag dolls. My brother told me that this method is old-fashioned and, although still used in many places, is considered out-moded in this museum. He said that such stuffed animals soon become moth-eaten because the skin and bones are open to insects and bacteria. Now, the skin is soaked in a solution to kill all insects, and each showcase, already free from dirt, is equipped with pipes to send out a vapor of germ-killing gas.

I found out that very little of the animal besides the skin is real. The hoofs and the tail are the originals, though the latter has a wire foundation. The eyes are of glass and have to be selected with care as to color and shape. When finished, the animal must appear to have smooth flowing muscles and closely fitted skin. To obtain a lifelike expression in the eyes, the mounter often places a small mirror in a rock so that it will shine into the eyes and make them glitter.

I was told that the settings are as important as the animal. There are many tricks employed in the showcases to eliminate any unrealistic effects. Tipping the glass to eliminate reflections, hiding lights, and curving the wall and ceiling to break any line are just a few of the ways in which unrealistic reflections are avoided. The idea in our African wing is to make each scene appear as it would out of a window in Africa. The sketches of the artist come in handy at this point because the painted background is made as nearly as possible like the habitat of the animal.

In order that the background may merge into the foreground, the plants and sometimes the animals are duplicated. That is, if certain animals or plants appear in the foreground, they are also painted on the canvas. The foreground slopes upward to the back canvas rather than downward. Often a space is left between the foreground and the back ground so that there is more illusion of space.

Everything must be absolutely authentic. I was told of a case where a species of palm tree which had been painted on the canvas was later rubbed out so that another species, only slightly different, but authentically native to the habitat of the animal, could be painted in.

After working at the museum for a while, I felt convinced that every blade of grass in the park had been handmade, and I often wondered if the trees against the sky were painted.

BARBARA BEARDSLEY, 38J.

PROLOGUE TO THE PARTY

"**S**OUP'S ON," shouted Jean in the traditional Richards manner, for all of the Richards shouted.

John Richards arose from the Chesterfield, scattering the evening paper about as the wind scatters snow flakes, and ambled pleasantly toward the dining room. In the distance Jean could be heard yelling more "Soup's on" for Ann, while Helen and her mother brought the food to the table. Helen possessed a suppressed, excited air unusual to her natural boisterous way. Caller and called tramped noisily in, and everyone sat down to Saturday night dinner.

"Who set this table?" asked John as he began to serve.

"I did."

"Well, Helen, do you expect me to serve the peas, carrots, and potatoes all with this teaspoon?" John shook the offensive spoon in Helen's direction.

"I'm sorry; I guess I forgot the big ones," she answered as she slipped out of her chair to get them.

After John had heaped everyone's plate, he started telling Ruth or Kid or Mother (a few of Mrs. Richards' various names) the way in which he and the business world had got on. When that subject was exhausted, he told about the new place that he had gone for lunch and then the jokes and hazing that had taken place on the ferry to and from the office. Mrs. Richards commented in the right place and asked the correct questions to keep her husband's genial mood.

Helen removed the dinner course and brought in the dessert, omitting hers. "May I please be excused?" she asked. As no one answered, she hastily got out of the room before her mother or father had a chance to call her back.

Dessert quickly disposed of, John ambled back to his paper snowdrift. Mrs. Richards helped the two younger girls clear the table

while she listened to Ann's vigorous protests over Helen's new dress.

"I can't see why she gets a new dress just 'cause she's going to an old party. She's always gettin' things, and so is Jean, and I never get anything. You're always petting them."

"What about your blue silk dress? You have worn that only twice that I know of." Ruth's tones were rather muffled because she was trying to find a place in the ice box for the butter.

"Gosh, Mother, why don't—"

"You wash, you wash." Jean's lungs neared the bursting point. She had been getting the dog's dinner, but now the dog was hastily gulping it down. As her eyes swept the table and drainboards, she tried to think of some excuse to get out of washing the dishes. She could think of nothing except "You wash," so she kept repeating it with great force and rapidity.

Ann ignored this outburst and continued her sentence—"you let me go to the party?"

"Jean, for heaven sakes stop that racket." Ruth resumed her talk with Ann, "You can't because you weren't invited."

Jean chose the right moment to be naughty. She knew that if she could make Ann mad enough, she would probably get out of the dishes. When Ann became angry, she would flare up with a blazing temper, hot and quick. Jean knew from experience that Ann would act so badly that for punishment she would have to do the dishes. Therefore, being deprived of her yelling, she began dogging Ann's footsteps, whispering, "You wash, you wash."

Ann's control was marvelous for a while, then, "Shut up! Mother, make her shut up!"

Mrs. Richards had already gone to the living room and so did not hear this.

Jean began her most annoying habit. "Tsk, ts, ts. Poor little baby goin' to

cry," she cooed. "Tsk, tsk, tsk." She was rewarded with a resounding slap.

Suddenly Helen's voice breezed down the stairs into the living room, saying, "Mother, please press my dress."

John heard and grunted, "Don't see why she can't do it."

"She's in a hurry," replied Ruth, getting up to turn on the iron.

"Is she going out to night?" asked John suspiciously.

"Yes, to that party May Heath is giving. You remember, we talked about it last week."

"Helen, you come down here; Ruth, tell those kids to keep still. Helen! Did you hear me?" John's booming voice quieted the children in the kitchen, placed a frown on Ruth's brow, and turned Helen's excitement to fear.

Helen threw a coat over her bare shoulders and rushed downstairs. "Yes, Father."

"Who told you you could go to the party?" asked John.

"I—I thought you did."

"Thought—and who asked you to think? Ruth, what is the idea? I didn't say Helen could go. I guess my opinion doesn't matter. I only live here; I only make the living, so I have no right to tell my children what to do." All of the time John was yelling, the new fear which he had had for the past several months was growing. He shouted, swore, and sneered, repeating the same thing again and again. He never knew just why he didn't want Helen to go out. He didn't realize that it was because he wanted his daughters to stay small and never leave him. This going out made him feel insecure, afraid, and old. John Richards shrank from all forms of old age.

Ruth tried to calm him. As usual, she poured oil on the troubled waters, but this time the oil caught fire, and John dragged her into the flame.

"Why do you let such things go on? She's your child. Why don't you train her properly? A fourteen year old girl going to parties with boys," cried John.

"But, John, it's only Charlie Curtis, and we've known him for years," Ruth said.

At this point loud voices came from the kitchen, and then Jean came in to tattle. "Ann broke a dish on purpose and she stepped on my foot and she squirted water on me," Jean managed to have a sob in her voice. Although Ann had done the things Jean had said she did, Jean wasn't hurt, being a head taller than Ann (even if she was two years younger) and perfectly capable of taking care of herself.

During this speech, Helen tried to slip out unnoticed to her room. Her face looked like a window pane with raindrops running down it. She was not quick enough, and John sharply told her to return.

"Helen, come back! Ann, come in here! And you keep still," John said to Jean.

Ann entered the room like a spoilt child that was being forced to act against her will. "Yes," she said.

"Did you do all of the things Jean said you did?" John spoke reasonably, for he always felt sorry for the smallest daughter with the fearful temper.

"Yes. So what?" she cried. "But Jean is just as bad."

"That is enough. Go right to bed and no reading. Understand." This was her punishment.

Jean had been listening with secret joy to the conversation until she heard Ann's sentence. With a real sob she cried, "Do I have to do the dishes all by myself?"

"Yes, and don't let me hear another peep out of you until they are all done." John had resumed his growling and barking. "Helen, if you're going to your damned old party, you better hurry."

"Oh, Daddy, I can't go now," said Helen with desperation in her tone.

"Why not? I'm sick and tired of having you cry; and if you think for one minute that I'm going to listen to it all night you are crazy." John's tone was cruel, and Helen burst into tears anew.

Ruth managed things well. She got her husband to read. She helped finish the dishes. She comforted a crying child who was in bed. She dressed and consoled the oldest daughter, and by the time the door-bell rang, the house had returned to its former peace.

Quite early John got up to get the Sunday paper. On his way down the hall

he stopped at Helen's door. After a moment's hesitation he went in and sat on her bed. He was terribly sorry that he had hurt her. He knew that it was natural for her to want to go out, and he really wanted her to have a good time.

He smoothed her hair, and when she stirred in her sleep he got up and went back to his room. He reached deep into his pants pocket and drew out a fifty cent piece. He crossed quietly back to Helen's room and laid the money on the pillow beside her head. This was the only peace offering he knew about.

MARTHA DAVIS, J.C. 38J.



SMOKE OF BURNING LEAVES

THERE are odors that, when thrust suddenly onto the sense of smell, have the power of invoking to our minds certain places or things that have been almost forgotten. Such to me is the pungent scent of burning leaves. When I see the curling gray smoke and smouldering flames arising from a neatly bunched pile of brown autumn leaves and smell the keen, pitchy odor wafted about on the cool October air, I can always picture clearly a certain very small town where I once lived during childhood.

I remember vividly the rose and red splashes of color over the darkened hills where the sun has just gone down; the glimmering here and there of small bits of yellow light as lamps are lit; and the far-away lonely cry of some evening bird. From the opened door of a bakery comes the tantalizing crusty odor of freshly baked bread, and a few steps further, the

acid smell of cleaning fluid is emitted from the shop of the little Jewish tailor, who is working overtime. From the houses along the wide, quiet street comes the fragrance that indicates the preparation of the evening meal—frying meat and onions and the spicy aroma of hot gingerbread.

It is that time of evening when the stillness becomes tangible, and the faintest sound is sharply audible for an amazing distance. There is heard the tinny tinkling of a mechanical piano and in the distance a shrill cry of "Willie, come to supper!" Faintly, from the far end of a narrow alley, comes the frantic barking of a puppy and the answering, angry meows of a cat. Among the almost leafless vines of an old shed pigeons stir sleepily and coo softly to themselves. And over all is the gray haze and the keen pungent odor of burning autumn leaves.

DELLA DITTMAN, J.C. 38J.

UNDERWATER TUNNELING

I WAS READY to start on the thrilling and dangerous job of underwater tunneling. With my gang I entered the air lock to have the pressure under which we were to work slowly increased to three atmospheres. As I sat there, I wondered what awaited us in that stinking mud through which we were to drive.

I left the lock and entered the actual construction part of the tunnel, where I was told by the boss to go up to the face of the shield and "grab a shovel". As I dug out my section, I thought of how powerful this giant, air, was to hold up with just the help of a comparatively thin shell of steel the tons of mud, silt, shale, and water that was the ceiling of our burrow. The sweat trickled down my bare arms and back because of the intense heat caused by this tremendous pressure. When my section and the other men's sections at the front of the shield were dug out, the "jacker" moved the huge, bulky shield forward by the aid of his hydraulic jacks. And so we inched our way under the river bed at the rate of two feet a day.

From the other side of the river another gang of workers were pushing toward us. Only a few days ago the crew on the other side were delayed by a cave-in that smashed the front of their shield and killed the section men who were digging at the face of the shield.

We had a feeling of uneasiness as we left the air lock one morning to start our digging. As I was working I happened to remember that it had been a week ago since the cave-in on the other side. For some unknown reason I had a feeling that something terrible would happen before we finished our shift. In fact, all the men

were strangely silent, and the usual joking and cursing was absent.

Suddenly the big Swede digging above me let out a hoarse, pathetic yell; then I heard that terrifying hiss of a "blow". A shout rang out to "head for the air lock". I could see that the men needed no explanation, for they all knew the terror of a "blow". The Swede was not as fortunate as we, for with a loud hiss he was taken by the air up through the hole punctured by the huge air pressure. The hiss increased to a deafening roar as tools, boxes, bags of cement, and steel beams roared up through the hold.

Then the roar died down as the air pressure exhausted itself and with its decrease the lights dimmed as we staggered forward. As I reached the lock, the lights went completely out, and at the same time the hiss changed to a rumble as the raging water shot through the hole, smashing everything in its path. As I stumbled into the air lock, I heard the screams of several workers who had been caught by the wall of water rolling toward me. I slammed the water-tight door of the air lock and bolted it from the inside. Then I sank down to the floor in utter exhaustion.

The next week we were pumping out the water with the Swede standing by directing us and cursing that his broken arm prevented him from helping us. If I were he, I should have been content with my miraculous escape from death, after traveling at 30 miles per hour through the mud, silt, and water, and shooting 20 feet into the air to drop back into the water where he was picked up—alive.

Within two weeks all the wreckage was cleared away, and undaunted we were pushing our way toward the other gang.

M. DELAVAN, 38J.

D. RHODES, 38J.

BURNING STEEL UNDER WATER

BENEATH two hundred feet of sea Jack Cranston, head diver of York Salvage Company, gropes his way along the slimy side of a giant treasure ship. After many months of searching the ocean bottom, this salvage company has finally found the sunken *Englandia*, only to be foiled time after time in attempting to attach marking lines to the wounded ocean greyhound. Time after time, divers have been sent to the bottom to fasten the two-inch steel hawser to the wreck. Time after time the steel superstructure of the liner has fouled the air lines, or strong ocean currents have torn them from their perches and sent them bowling over the ocean floor.

To Jack Cranston, therefore, has fallen the most difficult job of all, a job in which all ten of the other divers have failed, a job that is his by the right of the most experienced. To Jack Cranston has fallen the job of cutting away the steel cabins, masts, winches, railings, and funnels with an oxy-acetylene torch.

He has just spent many precious minutes in searching for the liner, precious because the duration of dives at this depth is seldom more than one hour; but finally he has found his objective, only to be thwarted by the weight and clumsiness of his suit coupled with the steepness of the slippery side of the wreck. He feels his way through many feet of Stygian darkness before he comes to a place in the side where he can ascend to the sloping deck.

Once upon the deck he gropes his way, gaining precarious foothold after foothold. Soon he comes to his first objective, the once towering steel mast that is now bending as does a sapling in a strong March wind.

After securing himself to a nearby winch, he speaks a few words into the microphone strapped to his chest. Conversation is difficult at this depth because of the added effort and because it is almost impossible

to hear anything over the roaring and hissing of the air valve. He does, however, say three words, "Send her down." Insignificant as these words may seem, they are enough to send an anxious surface crew scurrying into enthusiastic action. Immediately a large oxy-acetylene torch is lighted, attached to a rope, adjusted to burn easily under water, and lowered away.

After a few seconds Jack hears a roaring sound and sees a faint glimmer of light; a second later he reaches out and grasps the sputtering torch and begins the tedious task of cutting through the eight inches of steel tubing which comprise the mast of the wounded leviathan. There is always the danger that Cranston's air hose may become entangled in the very obstructions he wishes to clear away; at any moment an eddy or a current may also rip him from his insecure perch and send him bouncing and dragging through the muck and silt clouds of the ocean floor. He knows that the chances are about even that the mast, in falling, will entangle and sever that thin ribbon of life that reaches two hundred feet up through an aqueous murky darkness. He is aware of all of these dangers, but with a grimly determined flourish he brandishes the torch and begins the work that may bring about his destruction.

Perhaps it will take only a few moments to complete the whole job, but if the mixture of the gases is not exactly right he must fumble about with the regulator valve screws without light, with fingers so numbed with cold that they will hardly obey the commands sent to them by a tired, overtaxed brain. At last the roaring jet flame cuts easily into the metal shaft. Soon the mast begins to bend under its own weight; then it falls clear. With an adept twist the head diver whips the lifeline clear. Then his first job is completed, but his work has only begun; he plods drunk-

only down the slanting deck to tackle the rear mast.

Before he can get far, however, a grumble at his ear tells him that his hour on the bottom is up and that he must begin the weary two hour decompression process made to prevent the dread disease "Bends", which cripples, kills, and drives men insane.

Jack Cranston, Chief Diver of York Salvage Co., is fully aware of the dangers

involved in deep sea diving; he is aware that insurance companies will not insure divers at any cost; he knows that a diver is through at thirty; and he knows that his heart may quit on him at any moment; but still he keeps on grimly, resolutely, with determination and courage. He presses on into the future, acting in the present, living today for the sheer thrill, exhilaration, and adventure of the most exciting and dangerous profession known to modern man.

R. R. CYR, 38J.



MINING

SOFT, slushy, dirty, black mud. Here and there thucking sounds of a miner pulling his feet out of the ooze. Feeble lights and swearing men. This was the picture that confronted Joe Talley. In his mind he mulled over the scraps of information that he was able to get out of the survivors.

It seemed that the graveyard shift had gone to work as usual. The muckers had been resting while the miners drilled out. Everything had gone on as in all other routine shifts. All except one thing. Big Mike, foreman of the muckers, had been idly swinging his pick when it came, and he didn't have a chance. Big Mike, with his giant strength, was caught against the tender with that one small pick blocking his only exit. The rest had had time to run for it. That is, all except four miners and four chuck tenders and a flunkey. They had been drilling on the face with their heavy jack hammers when one of them struck the water pocket. They were all hit by the engulfing wave before they knew what had happened to them. Two men gone in a second. Three months of hard work ruined.

When they got the tunnel pumped out and dried and the debris cleaned out, they would have to start at the beginning of the shaft and retimber over a half a mile.

Suddenly a roaring sound filled his ears. Joe knew that the pumps were started. They would gradually move down the tunnel as the water was pumped out. The men had spent all morning uncovering the rails and clearing them of mud and debris, as the water had come almost up to the station house. Joe dreaded the job ahead of them. When the tunnel was clear of water, men would go in with shovels and dig around in the mud for the bodies of the unfortunate men. And once these were out the tunnel could be cleared without the apprehension of finding a body in with a pile of muck and wood and scraps.

The boys would make a pool for the widows. They always did. When a man works with his buddies for years, it's the least he can do. When the tunnel was rebuilt again, ten white painted crosses would adorn the walls, a grim reminder of safety for those working there.

R. McALLISTER, 39J.

DYNAMITE

IT WAS a very nice funeral. Bob Smith had been my buddy, and I could hardly believe I had shaken hands with him and patted his old mule Boney just before the explosion got them. Of course the company sent flowers; they always did when a man had worked ten years or more in the powder. There was some argument about whom we were burying most of, Bob or Boney, because after a dynamite explosion there is very little left of anything to tell a tale.

This was my first explosion. It made me turn blue around the gills, but I stuck. But perhaps I'd better tell you how I came to be working in the powder.

When I was still a youngster, my parents died. I was put in the care of some uninteresting relatives, who didn't care for me very much, so I ran away. I found work digging coal, following harvests, selling papers, and doing anything to keep from starving. I saw men shot and stabbed in fights. By the time I was seventeen, I was very hard for a "kid".

After much tramping I got a job in dynamite. There was something in my blood that made me want to keep close to danger.

My first job was in the gelatin packing house. I never worked anywhere else during my three years in the powder. This is a pretty dangerous job; thirty of my buddies were blown to kingdom-come during these three years.

A lot has been written about dangerous occupations, about the men who work high on steel girders and in the steel mills, about the dangers of the coal mines and of other industries that produce necessities of mankind. I'm writing in praise of the greatest industrial heroes of them all, the men who make the dynamite. For six days a week, eight hours a day, the life of every man and boy in a powder plant is in danger. Powder is tricky. You know it will blow up, but you don't know when.

A powder plant looks very much like any other factory, except that it has barricades built around each house. The idea is that if one house goes up, the barricades send the force of the explosion straight up, and prevent the sparks from igniting the other houses. In order that private dwellings and lines may be protected, the houses in which the powder is made are set back in the hollows of the hills.

When we arrived at the plant each morning, we changed at a wash house into overalls with no pockets, and put on rubber-soled shoes. No smoking was allowed; if you were caught at it, you were barred permanently from all powder plants of this firm.

My work in the gelatin house was with three other men. Our job was to pack the sticks of powder in pine boxes, nail the boxes shut, and load them into the truck which took them to the magazine.

We got acid from New Jersey and put it through various processes until it came out pure nitro. I never worked on the acid line, where the fumes often knocked the men's lungs out, and where the workers had to wear silk clothing, because the acid would eat through wool or cotton and seriously burn the men's bodies.

When the nitro had been piped to the oil store house, it was ready to mix with the other ingredients which form dynamite. There is a difference between dry and wet gelatin. The wet gelatin is like putty and made in such smaller quantities for special uses where a heavy but slow shove is needed in blasting. The dry dynamite is the real commercial article. It is made in different sized sticks and in different strengths from 40 per cent, which is the lowest, to 75 per cent, which is the highest in the dry. We made a 100 per cent in pure gelatin, which was nothing more than pure gun-cotton and nitro.

In the "mixing house" the raw nitro was piped into a shallow, circular tank.

In this were poured the corn meal, the sawdust, and in some grades, a certain percentage of gun-cotton. A big rubber-tired wheel passed around and around in these ingredients until they were mixed into dynamite. The mixture was then shoveled into wooden boxes and made its next stop at the "punching house".

The "punching house" was one of the most dangerous of all the places on the plant, for it was here that the powdered dynamite was punched by automatic machinery into the oiled paper shells, making cartridges.

When the shells were filled and sealed, the next step was to dip them in hot paraffin, to keep out moisture. The nitro smell gave new men a horrible headache, which lasted four or five days; then their systems became saturated with the nitro fumes.

Once dipped, the dynamite is loaded into boxes with handles and then taken to the

packing houses where men pack it into white pine boxes, each lined with oiled papers and a quart of sawdust, to protect it from possible shocks. Then it is loaded for shipment into the box cars and taken down into an obscure siding where nobody will get hurt if it blows up.

One day I had just left the plant and was almost half a mile away, when a blast knocked me from my feet and left me dazed. At this experience, I made up my mind to leave the powder. I had had enough. I had seen men die in many horrible ways. I had seen them caught in a dynamite blast and torn to shreds.

People don't seem to realize that in some part of their own United States men are going through Hell making dynamite so that modern construction may proceed. If I had the power, I should show these people that among their praised heroes the dynamite workers should have a prominent place.

GENEVIEVE KOCHER, J.C. 38X.



I DO NOT SEE THE CORNFLOWERS

It's early—early on a gray, damp day
And I run to catch a street car lumbering by
Pushing—crowding—shoving—
Hurrying—
Thinking angrily that spring will never come.
And I do not see the blue cornflowers
Freshly picked,
Covered with dew and mist
Nor the geranium in a window box
A splash of red against gray
Nor feel the new lilt in the breeze
Or the new freshness in the fog.
I only think of hurrying—
See only the gray, damp day.

DELLA DITTMAN, J.C., 38J.

THE BEAUTY OF A GREAT MACHINE

GIANT OVENS ROARING, powerful welders sparking, big motors grinding, hammers pounding, engines whirring, horns honking—Jackson Stone was greeted by these sounds when he entered the enormous automobile assembly plant.

Jackson was young, for that was the kind of men they wanted—young men, men who could be moulded into the holes left in the production line by the inflexibility of the monster man-made machinery. Stone was impressed when he entered the plant by its immense size; the magnitude of its operations; the number of men scurrying, sweating, working, laughing. A mass production plant had always been presented to him as a place where machines were masters and men were slaves; upon entering the factory he was pleasantly surprised to find that just the opposite was true. If bolt 77 was not in its place correctly, then the worker whose job it was to drive bolt 77 stuck with it until it was done correctly. Men were not ground under by the machinery; but instead they dominated it, they made it do the routine jobs that man hates to do and left to the flexibility of man the more complex and irregular problems.

This was Jackson Stone's first day on the job; in fact, it was his first job. He was determined to make good, to climb—he had to. Besides, he had been told that there was plenty of room at the top for an ambitious youngster. Jackson's first work was helping the men unload the fifty-odd box-cars that rolled up to the loading platform every day; and although he knew what his duties were and where they were, he could not seem to find his way about in the complicated maze of machinery, stock piles, ovens, and painting rooms. Finally he saw a line of men that plied about, in and out through the towering shelves and machinery. These men carried the powerful compact motors to the chassis line from the freight cars, he reasoned; so he followed them and came upon the unloading platform. A short distance off he saw the

foreman hailing him and went for his directions.

"Put on them gloves," the boss said, "and start unloading those fenders."

Many months passed — Jackson had stood out because of his superior strength and greater intelligence. Dozens of times he had distinguished himself in cleaning up problems that perplexed even the old timers. Again and again the foreman praised him for his excellent work. At last the boss told him that a vacancy had come in the distribution department.

Here he could get a true perspective of the industry; here he could watch the giant conveyor belts draw the unfinished cars along while parts were magically added; here was the opportunity for which he had longed, the opportunity to make himself master over machine.

In this division it was his job to oversee the discarding of imperfect parts and later to carry dispatches from department to department. Here, as on the unloading platform he found his bosses and co-workers friendly and helpful. When he began to carry the inter-office communications, he found that he fell more into the pulse, the throb of the whole industry. He found that this was a great organization all synchronized to such a degree of perfection that, although all the parts for one car started from opposite corners of the plant, they all came together on the finish line to form the completed machine. Blue fenders met blue wheels, body, and chassis; red truck cab met red body and later red wheels, hood, and fenders. Here he found that mechanical precision had been so nearly perfected that there was no time for human lag, no time for a man to drop his wrench and still keep his job. Here he found an industry that was individually cruel and mechanical, but coldly beautiful and perfect.

Here he found an industry, a job, that was made up of adaptable "Iron Men" and inflexible steel machines.

ROB ROY CYR, 38J.

(Inspired by school trip to Ford Assembly Plant)

AND THEN THERE'S THE OTHER HALF

"GEORGIE!" MIRIAM in her fluffy white mules clap-clapped to the basement door and called to her husband below.

The only answer was the grind of the motor on the engine. She clap-clapped back to the table, picked up "Esquire" and was at once absorbed.

Suddenly there was a whine in the grinding noise, and the motor stopped. Mr. Periwinkle could be heard coming up the stairs. Clamp. Clamp. He stormed into the room, filling it with his hugeness. There was six foot-three of him, and his two hundred twenty-five pounds were unattractively distributed. Having acquired the surplus in the last two years of his twenty-four, he was all the more ludicrous because his clothes fit a bit snugly, and too much of his pudgy hands seemed to bulge out of his sleeves.

Without looking up, head buried in her hands, Miriam said, "S'matter?"

"Oh, the darned thing's broken. But look, 'Min'". In his extended hand he held a penny sawed in two.

Miriam's facial expression was one of rapture. In mock admiration she said, "Oh! Mr. Periwinkle! Aren't you wonderful!"

In all these months this sawed penny was the first accomplishment I'd seen. Now, I'd never known what the purpose was of the marvelous piece of machinery which for a surprising length of time had seemed to entertain this idle man. The five-hundred dollars a month from the trust fund left him by his father rolled in monthly, and he and his wee family were without a care. One hobby followed another. This particular one had reached the ripe old age of three months.

Georgie opened the frigidaire and produced what his beaming face told me was his interpretation of a lemon chiffon pie. The upper story of dishes on the sink (the lower story being dishes from breakfast—a daily occurrence at one or two P. M.) was mute evidence of another attempt at the finer arts of culinary.

With half a bottle of milk and a goodly-sized portion of the "call-it-a-pie-if-you-like", Mr. Periwinkle sat down to begin the process of seizing a snack.

Miriam's story had apparently passed the climax; she got up, yawned, stretched, and said, "Oh, Georgie, you'll spoil your dinner."

He was pecking at the portable beside the bottle of milk. "Dear Minnie Mouse, youse is a viper."

"Oh, George, here it is eight o'clock already. What do you want for dinner? You'll have to make the white sauce for the peas. And this meat, dear, will you take out the bones?"

The request seemed to sap his energy, but he finally pushed back the table. In the electric mixer and the largest and only bowl available the white sauce was soon being made. Somehow Mr. Periwinkle always filled a bowl with whatever he was making. It was of no matter what the material might be, or the size of the bowl—he filled it.

He was very systematic in his cooking, taking each part of the meal separately. The meat was now in line. With the proper tools strewn along the cabinet and a huge fork stabbed in the meat he started with great gusto, but the enthusiasm quickly died. He plopped the meat back on the platter and growled, "There's no bones in this."

Miriam sounded weak. "Well, I thought —".

"You know you always get into trouble when you think."

Neither ever minded what the other said. Seemingly they lacked the energy to object. They were busy now side by side as always—cooking the dinner. They made such a funny pair—he so large and clumsy, and she so slight and pretty. They were alike only in their lack of ambition and aim in life.

By eight-thirty the preparations for dinner were complete. Mrs. Periwinkle served

(Continued on Page 60)







PLAYERS' CLUBS

HAVING BEEN REORGANIZED for the purpose of presenting better programs for the entertainment of the Lick and Lux students, the Lick Wilmerding Thespians, in conjunction with the Lux Forum Club, presented four plays this past year under the capable guidance of Miss Hughes and Miss Palmer. With excellent cooperation the officers, President Campini, Vice President Polos, Secretary Delavan, and Treasurer Peters, were able to make this one of the foremost clubs at Lick.

The first play presented was "Lucy, the Farmer's Daughter," an old type melodrama. With Mary Jane Beekes as Lucy, Helen Trask as the farmer's wife, Denton Delavan as the farmer, Ralph Peters as the city slicker, and Earl Campini as the sheriff, the play, although short, proved very entertaining.

"Sunset by Slantsky", given for the purpose of raising money for the L. W. L. Life, was a hilarious comedy dealing with a famous painting which later turned out to be a fake. The characters of the play were: Barbara Cronburg, as a wealthy matron; Mary Jane Beekes, her daughter; Ralph Peters, as Mr. Paul, a young art salesman; Denton Delavan, as the art dealer; and Earl Campini, as the father.

"Pearls", the last joint play, was also a success. Jack Miché played the part of Tad, a "tough guy" who is believed to have stolen a string of pearls. His sisters, Polly and Peggy, who have the total responsibility of the family on their shoulders, were played by Dorothy Perkins and Audrey McConnell, respectively. As it turns out, Mr. Brown, played by Rob Roy Cyr, solves the mystery by collecting the final payment for the pearls from Tad.

The joint play of the fall term was "Weenies on Wednesday", a highly successful comedy with Barbara Browning, Marguerite Grossen, Mary Bernasconi, Jack Miché and Joseph Fernandes as the characters.

At a night performance at Lux, to which parents, friends, and faculty were invited, two plays were given by the Lux Forum Club, "At the Stroke of Twelve" and "One Summer Afternoon". *(Forum Club picture on page 50)*



LICK WILMERDING ORCHESTRA

IMAGINE, IF YOU CAN, a diamond without its sparkle, a campfire without the smell of bacon, a desert without sand, a beach without the incessant roar of breakers—and then, in fancy, a Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Student Body without its “swingsters”, its orchestra, so essential to its good times at dances. This year’s orchestra, like others of former years, has willingly and unfailingly furnished the students’ dances with good music, making those afternoons, you will all agree, the most joyous of the school year.

Its membership includes two violin players, Bohle and Stillwell; saxophonists, Harold Yager and Herbert Wilbert; drummers, Robert Trask and Jack Miché; clarinet players, Paul Jensen and D. Krag; slide trombone player, Robert Johnson; and trumpeter, T. Peterson.

These musicians have practiced hard and faithfully during many lunch periods to make the dances a success. But most loyal of all is their sponsor, leader, and pianist, Mr. Britton, who has given many hours of his time to practicing and performing with the orchestra.

LUX FORUM CLUB



TIME OFF FOR PLAY

SPRITELINESS AND SPONTANEITY have characterized the student activities this year. Rallies have been livelier, dances better attended, and plays more enthusiastically received.

New students were introduced to the student body officers at a rally on September 18. In his welcome address Mr. Merrill told the newcomers about the founders and traditions of the schools. A "get-acquainted" dance followed the rally.

Antiquated wagon wheels, bales of hay, forgotten bits of farm equipment left over from days when San Francisco still had bucolic spots were gathered to decorate Merrill Hall for the barn dance held on October 2. Lick boys and Lux girls donned overalls and gingham gowns (respectively) and looked even more rustic than the decorations. The Hesperians played down-east tunes to which the farmers danced.

On October 22, the Junior College sponsored a rally to advertise the Junior College Hallowe'en dance.

Great slabs of fudge (creamy and otherwise) were borne triumphantly to school by the senior girls on October 22, cut into squares to be sold to the public-spirited for ten cents a square.

Ghosts and goblins held carnival in Merrill Hall on October 30. Great shadowy paper witches rode across the wall, and black cats yowled above the orchestra. Many of the students wore Hallowe'en costumes and all the dancers took on the mood of the mischievous holiday as they circled in the light of the grinning jack o' lanterns.

On November 25, the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, Lick and Lux players' clubs presented "Wienies on Wednesday", a farce in one act. After the play thespians and audience danced together amid festoons of giant wienies.

"The Wild and Woolly West" was the name and the theme of the senior girls' jinx. There was a chorus of cowboys, an educated and "stepping" horse, and a thrilling "mellerdrummer" written and produced by Flora Simonton.

Girls wore their best new silks and fresh curls for the senior girls' tea on December 5.

The student body attended its final rally on Friday, December 11. A very hilarious skit was presented by several 38J boys and, after the various awards had been made, the seniors were given a happy "send-off".

The social activities of the fall term terminated in the Senior Prom, held on December 19 in the roof garden of the Clift Hotel.

Nomination rallies and elections held the attention of both Lick and Lux immediately after the two schools had reopened after the Christmas recess.

After the elections were over and the new officers inaugurated, the schools enjoyed several educational assemblies. "Photography as a Hobby" was the subject of a very interesting talk given to the student body on Friday, Feb. 5, by Mr. Blumann, publisher and editor of one of the popular magazines of photography. Mr. Blumann illustrated his lecture by a film in color. The second educational assembly was "Twenty Minutes in Eldorado", a film dealing with

the romantic "Old West". It was shown to the students through the courtesy of Wells Fargo Bank.

Lick and Lux donned the farm clothes again on March 12 for another barn dance, as hilariously rustic as the fall barn dance.

Those ambitious moneymakers, the senior girls, wrapped popcorn in colored cellophane and sold it when everyone was in a good humor on St. Patrick's Day.

A one-act farce, "Sunset by Slantsky", was presented by the players' clubs on Friday, April 9.

Everything was shipshape in Merrill Hall for the nautical dance held on April 23. Although not quite so many Jack Tars attended the nautical dance as farm lads had come out for the barn dances, yet all made merry to the music of Al Lamanet and his Midshipmen.

On April 30, the senior girls again turned salesmen and sold cake and cider. This time the public really got its money's worth.

Weird sounds that stirred the blood of all Gaels came from Merrill Hall at 12:30 on April 30. Calvin Biggar and Ian McBride (and we hadn't known they could do it) were playing the bagpipe to advertise the Senior Prom.

A Russian tea was given by the low seniors to the graduating class on May 5. The decorations, costumes, refreshments, and entertainment carried out the Russian theme.

Indians whooped, the Golden Bear growled, and the Princeton Tiger meowed at the College Day rally and dance. Early in the morning of May 7 the collegiates began to arrive with rooters' caps and pompons. By afternoon the rah-rah spirit was rampant, and cheers and college yells echoed through the halls. Each group of rooters came into the hall in a body, and each was cheered in turn. The climax of the processions came when Princeton (38J) entered with the Princeton Tiger—a small, very young kitten in a bird cage. The players' clubs presented a one act play, "The Pearls".

The green of the front lawn of Lux was splashed with the color of the gay costumes of the girls who were reënacting the growth of San Francisco in a pageant given by the Recreational classes on Friday, May 14. The pageant included the folk dances and music of the many races of people who have contributed to the formation of San Francisco, including Indians, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Russians and Orientals. The pageant was ably directed by Miss Young, and Kathleen Deems introduced each number. The colorful spectacle was enjoyed both by those who took part in the affair and those who were spectators. Corsages were given to the guests upon their arrival.

A marionette show presented on the afternoon of May 21 and a final rally and dance on Wednesday, May 26, completed the student body entertainment for the term.

The Senior Prom was held in the evening of May 22 at the Residence Club at 940 Powell Street.





FOOTBALL SEASON

NOT SINCE ITS STATE championship teams of 1925 and 1926 has Lick Wilmerding had a successful football season. This year the team, coached by Mr. Baumeister, won four, lost one, and tied one of its games.

In the first game, the inexperienced Tigers, with less than a week of practice, took to the field against a veteran South San Francisco High team and were overcome by superior force and experience. The score was 34 to 0.

The next week, reinforced by new recruits and a week of sound practice, the Tigers roared to a 6 to 0 victory over Jefferson, our traditional rival.

With the second string playing fully half of the game, a powerful Lick machine overcame the Continuation High eleven 20 to 7, for its second victory.

The score of our game with Mission was 0 to 0, a sixty yard five minute march by the Tigers being stopped by the gun on the two yard line.

The following week in our game with the Poly reserves, the Tigers acquitted themselves nobly, winning by the score of 19 to 0 despite the fact that irregulars played most of the game.

After several weeks of rest and practice the Tigers climaxed the season by winning the most important game of the season, that with the Menlo Boys' School. The aggressive Lick team pushed over its first touchdown on the fourth play of the game and won handily, the final score being 19 to 0.

As a result of this highly successful season sixteen members of the team received athletic sports blocks. It is hoped that, because of the excellent showing against Menlo, Lick Wilmerding will be able to enter the private school league next fall.

(Editor's Note: Picture of football team was omitted because of poor photography.)

★

FIRST STRING VARSITY

Fullback.....	M. Neumann
Right Halfback.....	J. Barich
Left Halfback.....	A. Church
Quarterback.....	C. White
Right End.....	P. Burbage
Right Tackle.....	A. Pappas
Right Guard.....	D. Roche-R. Merrill
Center.....	H. Rohe
Left Guard.....	J. Price
Left Tackle.....	P. Chucatos
Left End.....	M. Arroyo

★

SQUAD

(F)	Neumann	(L G)	Price	(Q)	Murphy
(L H)	Church	(L T)	Chucatos	(R E)	Cyr
(R H)	Barich	(R E)	Burbage	(R T)	Yager
(Q)	White	(R E)	Brose	(R G)	Bundy
(L E)	Arroyo	(R G)	Green	(C)	Wifstrand
(R T)	Pappas	(F)	Chickinoff	(L G)	Guyer
(R G)	Roche and Merrill	(R H)	Holland	(L T)	Steele
(C)	Rohe	(L H)	Bridgeman	(L E)	Gulmon



LICK BASEBALL

THE LICK TIGER is roaring again. Both in football and in baseball the Lick teams have had extremely successful seasons. In baseball, although they started poorly because of lack of experience and organization, the team came through admirably, winning six and losing only four games.

There seems to be a jinx that the Lick teams cannot win their first game of the season; the jinx was working when we lost to our traditional rival, Jefferson, by the score of 15 to 0 in our first game.

In the second game the Lick nine overcame an even more traditional rival, Lowell. Soundly trouncing the Indians by the score of 10 to 1, the Tigers showed much improvement over their previous game.

Despite the improved performance of the Lick team they were still unable to overcome Jefferson in the third game of the season, but because of the stubborn resistance offered by our team the game ran two extra innings. The final score was Lick 5, Jefferson 6.

South San Francisco used three pitchers in their attempt to turn aside the victorious Tigers. The Lick team showed real caliber in defeating South City in their fourth game by a score of 13 to 5.

Quickly gaining momentum, the Lick nine marshalled its forces and overcame the St. Peters team. St. Peters was not a very strong competitor and all of our scrubs played in this game. The final score was Lick 13, St. Peters 4.

St. James was the next team to fall prey to the Tigers, who easily defeated them by the score of 9 to 3.

Winning their fourth consecutive victory, the Lick team continued their highly successful season by a skin win over Continuation. This game was won by Lorenzi's triple with two men on base. The final score was Lick 3, Continuation 1.

In the next game our luck was not so good, the Tigers losing to St. James by the score of 6 to 3.

South City again fell prey to the fighting Lick nine. The score of this game was 13 to 7.

Although we beat Continuation once, we could not seem to do it again, for in the second game the score was Continuation 11, Lick 1.

We had another game with St. Peters, but at the time of this printing the outcome was not yet known.

The baseball lineup was as follows:

Pitcher	Zmitrovitch	1st Base	White (Capt.)
Pitcher	Mootz	2nd Base	Roche
Pitcher	Papenhausen	3rd Base	Lorenzi
Catcher	Mootz	Left Field	Plutt
Catcher	Farrell	Center Field	Banchero
Short Stop	Balestreri	Right Field	Holland

★

LUX TENNIS

LAST TERM'S TENNIS came to an end when Bettijean Miller triumphed over George Ann Borman in the finals of the intermediate tennis singles and Audré Hamilton overcame Norma DeMartini in the finals of the advanced tennis singles. The semi-finals of the intermediate singles were played by Dorothy Perkins against George Ann Borman, and Bettijean Miller against Yvonne McDonald.

Among the advanced tennis players were Norma DeMartini, Audré Hamilton, Patricia Baker, Noel Michelson, Barbara Browning, Prudence Roberts, Mary Essig, and Kathleen Deems.

Only a few games of doubles were played as the term was too short. There was also no beginners' tennis as many signed up but no one came out.

All the games were played off according to the schedule of Norma DeMartini, our tennis manager.

The singles tennis tournaments came to an end this term with Audré Hamilton as the advanced winner and Bettijean Miller as the intermediate winner.

The intermediates started the term with a pyramid tournament. As it was unsuccessful, the tennis manager, Bettijean Miller, changed the tournament to a round robin one.

★

LUX BASEBALL

AS THE BOOK goes to press the baseball tournament is still unfinished. Under the management of Bernice Bagala the tournament started a few weeks after the Easter vacation. The results to date are as follows: J. C. won 3, tied 1; 39J won 2; 38J won 1, tied 1, lost 1; 37J won 1, tied 1, lost 1; 37X won 1; 38X won 1, lost 9; 39X lost 3.



L.A.A. '36

CLIMAXING AN EVENTFUL TERM, the L. A. A.'s annual playday was held in the afternoon of May 19. It was followed by the yearly banquet at which the athletic awards were presented by Miss Young.

The two outstanding activities of the semester were a high school sports day at the University of California on March 24, and a hike to Alpine Lake on May 1.

The L. A. A. members who attended the Sports Day at California were shown through the spacious university gymnasium and were spectators at exhibitions of archery, golf, swimming, and many other sports. President Harriet Thayer was a guest at the luncheon given after the exhibition for representatives from high schools situated all over the state.

The hike to Alpine Lake was enthusiastically supported. The girls braved the perils of sunburn and poison oak to picnic at the picturesque spot.

This term's officers, who have all done creditable work, are: President, Harriet Thayer; Vice President, Eleanor Guinn; Secretary, Dorothy Perkins; Treasurer, Jean Symon; Volley Ball Mgr., Betty Tallmadge; Baseball Mgr., Bernice Bagala; Swimming Mgr., Barbara Symmes; Tennis Mgr., Bettjean Miller.

L.A.A. '37





KICKBALL

DURING THE FALL TERM of 1936, kickball, under the management of Bettijeau Miller, was the only tournament played during the lunch hour at Lux. Out of the eight teams entered in the tournament, the 37J Class proved themselves the strongest by winning six games and tying one. The 38J Class came in a close second, winning six games and losing one.

The most exciting game of the tournament was that played between the 37J and 38J Classes as it determined the winner of the tournament. The 37J Class won this game and thus proved themselves the champions of the term.

The members of the winning team were George Ann Borman, Cecilia Dougherty, Arvis Wright, Virginia Klute, Blanche Newfield, Ruth Graves, Prudence Roberts, Yvonne McDonald, and Evelyn Newman.

SWIMMING





VOLLEYBALL

THE VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT this year was a one-sided affair, with the 37-J team winning all the games. The members of the winning team were: George Ann Borman, Virginia Klute, Arvis Wright, Cecelia Daugherty, Blanche Newfield, Ruth Graves, Evelyn Newman, Barbara Symmes, and Walda Schiller.

At the end of the tournament an all-star volleyball exhibition game was played. On the Red team were: Bettjean Miller, Carmelita Lambert, Leona Lassus, Barbara Symmes, Irene Bornhauser, Norma De Martini, Elsie Bergstrom, Betty Tallmadge, Mildred Bartosiewski, Arvis Wright, and Winifred Ehlen. The players on the Blue team were: George Ann Borman, Audré Hamilton, Harriet Thayer, Virginia Klute, Bernice Bagala, Sophie Pappas, Florence McDonald, Beverly Goodyear, Edna McIvor, Ilene Bornhauser, and Ray Iverson.

LAST TERM LUX MERMAIDS improved their aquatic ability by swimming at the Y. W. C. A. every Wednesday afternoon. Beginners were taught under the able guidance of Miss Young, while Harriet Thayer taught life saving and diving. Barbara Symmes was swimming manager, and everyone appreciated her excellent leadership.

A mid-term water carnival was held with such events as relays, balloon race, and pigeon race. At the end of the term a Lux swimming meet was held in conjunction with the San Francisco State College and San Francisco Junior College.

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(Picture on page 59)

AND THEN THERE'S THE OTHER HALF

(Continued from Page 30)

the meal, lit the candles—they were customary—divided the evening paper, and together they sat down to eat.

Silence until eight fifty-five. Then Mr. Periwinkle said, "Here's the only show we haven't seen—sounds lousy. Hurry up—get your hat." They were gone in another fifteen minutes, and my evening began—with the upper layer on the sink. At twelve-thirty I closed my books. I heard the door slam—the show was over; now, after a midnight snack, they'd go to bed. Tomorrow at twelve, perhaps, a new day would begin in this weary existence. I hopped into my little bed and thanked the Higher Power that the stork had left me over on the other side of the railroad tracks.

JUNE STUART, J.C. 37J.

SCREWS AND BOLTS

MISS PHILIPPA BROWN is first and foremost a gal with brains. You might not think so from the way she dashes hither and yon, but, though scattered, her brains are all there. She is very positive and leaves either a dent or an impression on you after she has emphatically "told you off."

Philippa is very romantic, however, and continually wears a far-away look on her face to denote that she is pining away for Bob. But her romance never interferes with her appetite.

Do not venture to argue with this fair damsel, for you will be very sorry you stirred up a hurricane. Her antics during an argument may be compared to those of a perpetual motion machine.

Her one (?) great fault is her spelling, which is full of imagination but has no regard for spelling rules—like the time she made "cuspidor" out of "cuspid." Such a trivial shortcoming should never bother Philippa, however, for I have never yet seen her disappointed in herself.

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Don't get frightened if you go into the chemistry laboratory and see a great mass of gas, for down in the middle of it you will probably find Mahany. One moment he will produce a cloud of gas that will fill the entire laboratory, and the next minute you will see him tearing out of the laboratory for all he's worth. Mahany, a junior college student, spends most of his periods in the chemistry laboratory, but a great deal of this time is spent on his own formulas rather than chemical experiments; thus he has acquired the name of "Mahany, the mad chemist".

Arguing vociferously, sweating profusely, and stammering with agitation, "Greek" Chueatos can be seen around Lick corridors on any afternoon. He is a rabid football fanatic and will on any occasion relate to anyone evidencing the slightest interest the fine points of the game and also without the least provocation will tell with realistic if somewhat awkward gestures of the time he intercepted "that pass" in the Jefferson game.

He professes unsurpassed knowledge of the fairer sex but can always be seen retreating far across the horizon when one of said sex approaches.

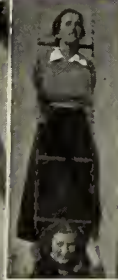
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Footsteps that sound suspiciously like Bill Robinson in slow motion announce the belated arrival of Dorothy Freeman. Her accent is decidedly southern and her mannerisms are characteristic of the lazy South. The nature of her few weeks' absence last November should be tactfully avoided, but then we can't all be Democrats. The rhythmic shuffle that now detracts me from my work is Dorothy—"Truckin'".

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Sometimes you can smell him and his pipe coming; at other times you can hear him moaning to the "teach" about his last mark. He is easily found in wood-shop (making bows and arrows) or walking down 17th Street and back up 16th Street during the non-rainy noon hour. He doesn't think much of girls—except the one next door—but he likes boats.

Delmar Brown—yes, it's he—will gladly verify any of the aforementioned statements.





SCREWS AND BOLTS

YOU MAY SEE HIM almost anywhere around the school; he is a tall, but not exactly thin, fellow with a face that looks like a baby owl. He is prominent in Camera Club activities and is also the school historian. Once he held the coveted position of 38J class yell leader. His success at his task might be attributed to two things: first, his comical gestures threw the class into an uproar; and second, the noise made by the impact when he landed after an acrobatic gesture led one to think that the house was being brought down.

Being not slightly stout, he is jovial and well liked by everyone. At times, especially in English, he becomes intensely earnest and easily excited. However, you don't have to wait until you get into English to get a rise out of him; just mention the Civil War or try to justify Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea. Both of these are sure fire explosives when set off under Streamline, Marshmallow, or—more commonly—Mac, for Colonel Marshall is a stout Southerner.

Mr. MacDonald is also a very distinguished actor; you all remember him in his part of Simple Tom and also as Nellie, the Heroine of a thrilling drama.

He dominates the rallies and orates in class. He calls all the girls "dear" and rubs his hands together when addressing the student body. Yes, you have already guessed it. He is none other than our loquacious Student Body President, J. F. (Jake) Fernandez. In spite of his worldly manner, he blushes like the proverbial school girl.

P. S.—Who is it that makes Jake think all beautiful girls are good?

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Have you learned how to dance the tango? Do you want to learn how to speak Spanish? This is all very simple if you know Estrada, Lick's new friend who came from South America a few semesters ago. When walking through the halls you might hear Estrada telling a few students of the many customs of his native Colombia. He talks in such an amusing manner that he can hold your interest for hours. Those who know him and have heard his colorful stories feel they have gained interesting knowledge through his personality and friendship. Incidentally, we have taught him some English, good and otherwise.









